

The World a Stage.

Some one has said the entire world is a stage and that we are all actors upon it. This is not a mere poetic fancy, but a reality. Our common experience will teach us that every one from the little child to the old gray-haired man or woman have their own part to perform in life's great drama. Every act of our lives touches some chord which vibrates in eternity, and, inasmuch as we all have a work to perform, which is nothing less than improving our time and talent which God has given us, let this thought impress our minds, that if we possess but one talent we are just as responsible in the sight of God, as to its improvement, as though we possessed ten. Want of time can be no excuse for we all have spare moments, and we are told that they are the gold dust of time. They will tell if rightly used. Many spare moments are spent upon the street corners or on store boxes, learning to chew, smoke, swear or tell vulgar stories. These wear the good out of the mind and fill it with evil.

Now dear reader, let us stop for a moment and interrogate and see if we are trying to kill time and bury our talent. If so, let us be up and doing and although we may not accomplish a great deal at first effort, let us press on toward the mark for the prize of our high calling of God in Christ. Remember the gigantic oak of the forest is not felled by one stroke, but by the oft repeated stroke that brings the giant of the forest crashing to the ground.

It may possibly be that many have, and do often have their talent buried, hypothetically, and fail to apprehend the coveted reward of their mental exertions; but on looking back they will perhaps find buried in some deep recess of the mind a talent after the rust of negligence has been removed; a bright and useful talent, well adopted and easily developed. After thorough search, and having found our most useful avocation, let us not fail to make God's required use of it. Let us roll back the stones of ignorance and superstition from the entombed power of our minds and accomplish that which God requires.

E. T. SMITH.

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Easy Impressions are Lasting Impressions.

Whatever is impressed upon the young mind will cling to it through life, whether it be good or evil. Sometimes the things of early life may grow dimly and be almost forgotten; but as we journey through life something may cross our pathway that will bring to our remembrance things we had not thought of for years.

The child that has been brought up in a Christian family, that is present every night around the family altar, heard father and mother pour forth their prayers to the Great Father above, has been trained in all the duties of a Christian life; sometimes may stray but its very seldom one does that has been trained in this way. True some may forget and wander far away in sin and immorality, but when age comes on and far away in sickness and in trouble, they begin like the prodigal, to repent and heed the advice and warning that was given in early life. If they be so unfortunate as to inhabit the culprit's cell they then see their folly and long for youth again that they may live their days over. They dream of home, of father and mother and Oh! that they had heeded their advice.

Thus when children become of more mature years the advice of parents will have a deeper impression than when first spoken, and they return again to their first love.

A child learns more from example than by any other way. They try to imitate every thing they see others doing. If a child sees nothing but good conduct, hears nothing but pure conversation, it will grow up to be a good Christian man or woman. But on the other hand if it is thrown among the vicious and immoral and its young and tender heart becomes poisoned with such conduct, it is apt to grow up a wicked person.

Parents should be very careful how they talk and act before their children also what kind of persons they associate with. They should have the very best of company for it seems the young mind will grasp evil quicker than good.

Parents should watch the daily behavior of their

children and correct and give instructions whenever needed, knowing that no advice is ever lost. They may spurn your advice while young; but in after years it will come back with three times as much force as when first spoken. Never weary in well doing if not now, when you are numbered among the dead they will profit by the good example you have set, and try to obey all your commands.

Love to God and good behavior are the first things to be impressed upon the young mind. This instruction is very important because it has to do with the moral culture of the children, without which all their other attainments may prove valueless.

Where proper instruction of this kind is neglected children grow ill mannered, insolent, overbearing, deceitful, and with other bad habits too numerous to mention, except in cases where outside influences or inherent tendencies make them otherwise.

Children of this kind nearly always grow up into bad men and women. Their impulses have not been restrained and having, perhaps, set at defiance the authority of the parent, they next defy the authority of the state, and worst of all respect not their God.

Now blaspheming, blackguarding, fighting, rudeness of any kind, or anything of their nature should not be tolerated by the parent. But everything done to overcome them and form good habits. Remember, "what is put into the first of life is put into the whole of life."

MARY A. MURRAY.

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The Tearless Funeral.

How that scene was impressed upon my mind; and now after long years it comes up before me as vividly as though it were yesterday. Never before nor since have I witnessed such, and of all the experiences of a long and not uneventful life, none so strangely, so mysteriously impressed me. So at variance with all human experience I have never been able to give a satisfactory solution.

It was not because there were none of those appliances and surroundings which help to make a visible living reality, nor because there were none of those associations and ties the severance of which rend the heart with anguish. In this case death had broken the tenderest tie of earth's sweetest and dearest relationship. In that humble dwelling lay the corpse of a husband and father dressed in grave clothes. The wife and children stood by, friends and neighbors gathered round while the saddest of all duties was being performed by the minister. A hymn was chanted, prayer offered, and words of comfort attempted to be given; but there were no demonstrations of sorrow, no feelings of sympathy, affection or interest evinced either for the dead or living. And when the coffin was to take up the solemn march to the graveyard some distance off, there were no farewell utterances given by those silent mourners—if indeed they could be called mourners—no moistened eyes—no tear burdened cheek; not even a stifled sob as an indication that death was there or that his presence had caused one pang of sorrow.

An icy atmosphere seemed to pervade the place as though the touch of death had paralyzed every soul and dried up the very fountain of tears. I felt the chilly influence hanging over my own heart as I tried to penetrate by power of thought the mysteriousness that was thrown around that strange and sad scene. With a slow and silent tread we marched to the place of burial, the middle of an unfenced field. Here there were two or three graves uncared for, and everything around looked desolate and forbidding—fit place it seemed for the grave of one who had none to weep over him. And when the clods rattled upon the coffin—the saddest sound that falls upon the ears of bereaved friends, telling them the form of the loved one is hid from their sight forever—the same stolid indifference was manifested, and without an emotion they watched the grave as it slowly filled up, and then without dropping one tear of affection they turned toward the humble home.

I inquired what was this man that there was not even the semblance of grief manifested by his family in his death and burial. I did not learn, and had no reason to suppose that he was a human

monster and a terror to his wife and children while living. True every thing around indicated poverty, but how, under the most unfavorable circumstances in life, could such ties be severed and none be found to weep? What strangers they must have been to those tender affections which bind together members of the same household! How unconscious those children were of the deep solemnity of such an occasion, and of their helpless and forlorn condition when they should return to their humble and comfortless home to go out into the world without the protecting arm of a father to shield them!

Every thing connected with that funeral indicated that he who had just been laid in his resting place would soon be forgotten; that their would be no loved ones to visit and care for that grave and moisten it with tears of affection. A tearless funeral! Once in a life time I have witnessed it. Never again do I wish to look upon such a scene. How it impressed me with sadness, and how my heart went out in pity towards those silent tearless mourners, who could not weep.

To go down to the grave "unwept unhonored and unsung!" Can their be any so poor, so desolate, so friendless, as to have none to feel their loss, or drop one tear of sympathy! It would be a bitter cup in my experience could I think that when called to lay me down in death no recognition of friendship and love would be given me; no sweet lips would press mine, no gentle voices would speak of the meeting beyond, and no sympathizing friends would follow me to the quiet resting place of the departed. I would have them come in the twilight hour and lay their tokens upon the green turf above and chant their plaintive songs. Come not with unconsolable grief and tears but with hearts chastened by the Father's rod and purified with the hope of meeting in an immortal beyond.

The above article was found a few days ago among my father's papers. It was written by him some years ago, and was once published in the *Va. Free Press*. Thinking the unique scene would interest the EVANGELIST readers I send it for publication.

Not very long ago, we followed our loved one to the grave, but his funeral was not tearless. They flowed from many eyes, and they spring to mine now as I review the sad scene. Oh! how hard are such things; how great the loss of a father!

Ah! yes; we visit his grave in the "twilight hour;" lay our "tokens on the green turf above" him; we weep, it is true, but "not with uncontrollable grief," for we have a bright hope of meeting in that "immortal beyond," where sickness, pain, death, funerals, and partings are unknown.

JOHN DUKE MCFADEN.

Jesus Shining In.

A visitor went one day to see a poor young girl, kept at home by a lame hip. The room was on the north side of a bleak house. It was not a pleasant prospect without, nor was there much that was pleasant or cheerful within. Poor girl! what a cheerless life she has of it, I thought, as I saw how she was situated; and I immediately thought what a pity it was her room was on the north side of the house.

"You never have any sun," I said: "not a ray comes in at these windows. That I call a misfortune. Sunshine is everything; I love the sun."

"Oh," she answered with the sweetest smile I ever saw, "my sun pours in at every window, and even through the cracks." I am sure I looked surprised. "The Sun of Righteousness," she said softly—"Jesus. He shines in here and makes everything bright to me." I could not doubt her. She looked happier than any one I had seen for many a day. Yes! Jesus shining in at the window can make any spot beautiful and any home happy.—AM. MESS.

We live for the good of others, if our living be in any sense a true living. It is not in great deeds of kindness only that the blessing is found. 'In little deeds of kindness,' repeated every day, we find true happiness. At home, at school, in the street, in the neighbor's house, in the play ground, we shall find opportunity every day for usefulness.